

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1814.

[NO. 40

MONTRAVERS AND LAVINIA;

OR

ONE WINTER IN LONDON.

(Continued.)

UNABLE to determine upon any thing, she again questioned, and listened to the prolix account given by the dame of her unfortunate lodger. She trembled at the idea of beholding her, yet felt she could not deny herself the satisfaction of administering all the comfort in her power to bestow, on the fallen guilty creature; for which purpose she agreed to accompany the old woman back again to the cottage; and, without mentioning the circumstance, excepting to a faithful servant, who had lived for many years in the family of her uncle, she quitted home, attended by a variety of painful emotions, reached the dwelling where the woman had, as she imagined, secured her wretched lodger against a possibility of an escape, or the means of committing and injury to herself or others.

But in so doing, the dame did not advert to the cunning which so generally attends a state of lunacy, nor imagine that Lavinia, whom she had acquainted with her intention of waiting on Amelia, could feel averse to the idea of beholding her once fondly regarded relative and friend; her surprise and disappointment, mixed with terror, may, therefore, be more easily conjectured than described, when, on reaching the cottage, she found the little girl she had left in it crying bitterly in the porch, and the unhappy maniac fled; the child could give no account whither, though she had sought her every where around, she said, when on returning from a neighbour's cot, where she had run to obtain a drink of milk for the lady, who desired her to fetch some, as she was very thirsty, she found the door of her apartment, which the dame had locked, burst open, and not a trace of the fugitive to be seen in any direction; a circumstance which had so terrified the child, who was afraid of a beating in consequence, that she had seated herself in momentary expectation of the dame's return, and was anticipating the punishment she was likely to receive, in agonies indescribable.

Shocked and terrified, Amelia's presence of mind, for a short while, foresook her almost entirely, and she was enduring all the miseries of suspense and apprehension, unknowing what course to pursue, when her attendant, suddenly recollecting that a favourite haunt of Lavinia's was at a short distance from the cottage, a romantic spot, where a thundering torrent rolls over an immense precipice, overhung by trees of various kinds, and surrounded by rocks and moss-clad cliffs, assuming the most fantastic shapes, and forming altogether one of the most picturesque scenes imagination can conceive. Thither Lavinia, in the days of peace and innocence, used frequently to bend her steps, and pass whole hours in drawing, or at

work, beside the noisy cataract; and it now occurred to her former attendant, that she might have wished to revisit the well-known spot, and, with a strong presentiment of there discovering her, she took the nearest way towards the waterfall, at the entrance of a deep sequestered valley, to the north of Coniston, where, just as she had imagined, the wretched creature had been seized with a sudden whim of gazing, and was actually seated on a jutting rock above the stream, when chancing to turn her head, she perceived a figure cautiously approaching her; screaming with wildness, she hastily arose, and, quick as lightning, precipitated herself over the cliff; where, bruised and bleeding, with two of her ribs broken, and some severe contusions on her head, she lay insensible to all around her, till the poor woman, who had witnessed her descent, procured assistance, and had the miserable sufferer conveyed again to the cottage from whence she had escaped; where Amelia, half distracted at the sight, wept over the mangled body of the pale, emaciated, altered Lavinia; who, on coming to herself, perceived and knew her cousin, and, feeling all the horrors of shame, remorse and regret, was seized with convulsive spasms, which threatened her existence, and left her, after some time suffering most severely, so weak and debilitated, that the medical gentleman, who had been summoned from the nearest town to her assistance, declared it was his opinion, she could not survive many hours.

Stretched on an humble bed, from whence it would be impossible, he assured Amelia, to remove the sufferer, the unfortunate Lavinia lay, a spectacle of human misery, and the consequence of ill regulated passions. She was pale, haggard, emaciated, and unlovely; her once fine skin and transparent complexion had yielded to the effects of a life of dissipation, of art, and, latterly, of disease. Her lips were livid, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes glaring and inanimate. Amelia looked upon her in silent sadness; her hands clasped, and her expressive countenance displaying the emotions of an heart wrung by the keenest anguish.—At length she cried, "and is this all that remains of my loved and once-beautiful Lavinia?"

The sound of her voice aroused the torpid faculties of the unhappy object of her pity, who turned her eyes with a look of heart-rending agony upon the well-known countenance of her friend, and exclaimed, "Amelia, I have no home—no friends—no place now to shelter me from want and misery. I have been a guilty wretch; but, worthless as I was I did not deserve all that has been done to render me yet more degraded than I made myself. Oh! my yet kind Amelia, do not weep for me; for I am undeserving of your pity. My poor father, where—but I dare not enquire for him; Montravers too—all gone—all treated with ingratitude and baseness. But I am not mad, Amelia," she added, starting up in bed, and gazing wildly round; "I am in my senses now, but I may soon lose them again. Pray for

me, Amelia: I cannot pray—I never liked prayers, and, wretch that I am! I cannot now depart from my evil ways. I would implore your forgiveness—but I do not merit it: I sought my own ruin, and have sealed it."

Here a violent spasm checked her utterance, and she struggled violently, ere she could again articulate a syllable. Amelia's affliction was deep and silent—her looks evinced the feelings of her bosom; and Lavinia, after a short interval, again addressed her.

"Amelia, I cannot bear to see you look thus upon me—I can't indeed endure it—I am wretched—Oh! mercy, I am faint, and sick to death—my head is turning round—my brain bursts—Oh! mercy; save me, save me," she added, looking wildly towards the foot of the bed, and hiding her face in the clothes—"Oh! father—mercy!—mercy!"

Amelia looked around, and beheld the worn countenance of Mr. Chesterton, regarding his unhappy daughter. A shriek, wild and terrific, proclaimed the miserable sufferer yet under the impression of fear and remorse; convulsive sobs appeared to torture her bosom—a return of the spasms foreboded her approaching exit. A hollow groan sounded dismally in their ears, and throwing down the clothes with which she had hid her face, she displayed a countenance whereon the agonies of death were visibly depicted. For an instant she seemed to revive, and to be sensible of her situation. She looked at Amelia, and attempted to speak; but the words died on her tongue, and, fixing her hollow eyes upon the pallid features of her father, convulsions seized her yet more violently than heretofore, and after a lengthened struggle, she expired, in the midst of agonies the most horrible that were ever witnessed.

And here let us draw a veil over the sufferings of the afflicted survivors and spectators of this scene of misery and death.—Suffice it to say, Mr. Chesterton followed his unhappy daughter to the grave just three months after he had seen her breathe her last; while Amelia only by the power of time, a strong sense of her duty to the Almighty, and her dearest worldly connexions, regained her health and spirits, both cruelly wounded by the dreadful scene she had witnessed, and the grief she endured at the recollection of her cousin's fate. Happy in a worthy husband, and a lovely family of children, she yet lives, at a distance from the scene of so much wretchedness, respected and regarded by a numerous circle of acquaintance and dependants; domestic felicity her portion in this world, and unfading bliss the prospect that is open to her view in the regions of immortality.

ALL Deeds and written contracts in Hindostan commence with the following words: "Riches and the life of man are as transient as drops of water upon the leaves of the Lotus: learning this truth, O man! do not attempt to deprive another of his property!"

CLAREMONT.

(Continued.)

CLAREMONT was punctual, though his mother observed not his entrance. She was evidently unhappy: and he was arrested by her appearance. "May I presume," said Claremont, "to enquire respecting the welfare of my sister?—I have not seen her of late." "She is unwell," replied the mother of Henry. "Not much so, I hope. Can I see her?" "No; Henry, you cannot, but I have something to reveal on her account—I need not remind you of the reasons which induced me to quit Cowley: and—I can only say—that—those reasons have ruined us!" "I understand—O! Maria—I will redress thy wrongs!" "Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Claremont: but Henry was gone.

Claremont departed in search of the younger Melvill. He was crossing St. James's Street, when he met with Reignald. "Mr. Melvill," said Claremont, "have you ever heard from your brother, since he left Ormond Street?" "Yes, sir, I have; and as, if I may judge from the length of your face, you have some important business to communicate to that brother, I shall write to him to-night, and you may take the benefit of my letter." "Sir!" returned Claremont, in a tone of uncommon disdain, believing Melvill to be acquainted with the cause of his brother's absence. "I have, sir, some important concerns relating to him: they are so important, that I must trouble you for a direction to your brother." "Well—perhaps I shall give you the direction. But how is Maria?" "I have not seen her for some days: and, as I can say no more on that head, I must trouble you to answer my request." "Not so quick, Henry, neither; I must first know about your sister. I thought that Charles and she were to have been married before this time, and I wonder what the devil has kept them asunder. She is a d—d fine girl, Harry, and—" "I must beg that Mr. Melvill will say no more on that head; for—" "Pho, pho, Harry this won't do: I know very well, that you don't like to hear her praised: but—" "No, sir, not much at any time; but more especially now: therefore I must insist on my request." "Oh! if that's all then, since you are become so serious, that request will not be granted." "This is a paltry evasion, sir, to screen a villainous brother; and since you can so far forget the character of a gentleman, you will answer to the honour of a soldier!" "Whenever you please, sir." "To-morrow morning at eight, in the Park." "Agreed."

Reignald had scarcely parted with Claremont, when he met with Captain Blades—a hearty table associate. "You look devilish surly," said he. "Yes," replied Reignald, "and you, Mr. Blades, would not look very gay if you were in my situation. That fellow, Charles Melvill, has brought me into a fine scrape: he promised to marry the sister of Claremont—he has performed that promise without the services of a priest, and I, in defending his cause and concealing his person, have brought myself in a fair way for jeopardy." "Oh, I understand you, Reignald. To be sure you are a soldier, or I should call you an arrant fool, for having engaged in such a desperate fray about a little spring of myrtle, a pretty kind of innocence, who came up to London in hopes to see life. But you know no better. I myself had some scruples about these things, and I plagued myself with many a childish fear,

till I knew better. To tell you a secret, between you and me, I was decidedly in love with this sister of Claremont's; and, in a conversation which I had with your brother, when talking of the new philosophy, I hinted, that, if he should marry Maria, I hoped, agreeably to his principles, he would indulge a fellow-citizen, with a view to the public good. No, no, Captain, said Charles, "that would be carrying things rather too far: but as I do think that matrimony is a partial evil—a monopoly, I shall never enter into that state." "Not with Maria?" said I. "Perhaps not; in which case, you may possibly divide the spoil." I have only recited this, to shew you the madness of your quarrel with Claremont; had you argued with him, perhaps you might have soothed him, as he is rather a friend to our system; at all events, I do not find that one citizen is to die for another; which would be citizenship with a witness—especially, in a queer cause. However, seeing that you *must* engage with Henry Claremont, I have no objection to accompany you."

(To be continued.)

Mr. Ledyard, a native of Connecticut, who traversed some of the most dreary regions of Russia, in a letter to Doctor Ledyard of Long-Island, wrote as follows:

"YOU have no idea of the excessive cold in the region of Siberia. By experiments that I made at Yakutsky, I found on the 19th November the mercury in my thermometer froze. In December I found by repeated observations that two ounces of clear quicksilver openly exposed, froze hard in fifteen minutes. I observed that in these severe frosts, the air was condensed, as is with you in a thick fog—the atmosphere is frozen—respiration is fatiguing, &c. It is a happy law of nature, that in such intense cold there is seldom any wind—when there is, it is dangerous to be abroad.

"There are no wells at Yakutsky; for it is found by experiment that the water freezes at sixty feet deep. People of these regions are therefore obliged to use ice and snow. They have also ice windows—glass is of no use to the few who have it; the difference in the state of air, within and without, is so great, that the glass is covered on the inside with several inches of frost, and in that situation it is less luminous than ice. The timber of the houses splits and opens with loud cracks—the rivers thunder, and open with broad fissures—all nature groans beneath the rigorous winter."

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WHILE the late empress of Russia was walking, some months previous to her decease, in the gardens of one of her summer palaces, a distressed female suddenly threw herself at her feet, at the same time begging pardon for her untimely intrusion, and presenting a petition from her husband, who was in confinement for having written a political tract against the government of Russia, interspersed with some strictures on the imperial Catharine.—She perused it with attention.—"Well, madam, your husband, I perceive, is a real penitent; as such he is at liberty: but let him not again reflect on the government of Russia, else Siberia is his portion. For the asperity with which he has treated my character, I freely forgive him: that will be the task of many men of talents after my decease: of the needy, who will pretend to be informed of secrets which are only my own; but, advance what they will, I am conscious of having ever acted for the

good of my people. Go immediately to my chancellor, and tell him I wish to see him." The lady fainted with joy, and her husband's pardon was shortly after made out, much against the remonstrances of the chancellor.

A CHARACTER OF THIS EMPRESS.

THE character of the empress of Russia was none of those which we view with indecision and doubt: it had nothing little, nothing petty in it; it was all grand—all decisive; the features of it were marked and manifest; the lines broad and deeply indented. She had none of those qualities which fluctuate between vice and virtue.—Her virtues and her vices were all conspicuous. We admire the magnificence of her enterprise; the commanding vigour with which she wielded the energies of her mighty empire; the liberal encouragement which she afforded to the arts and sciences, and the attempts which she made to polish the manners of her people. But our admiration is converted into detestation and dread, when we contemplate her on the theatre of her vices. What an unbroken series of horror and havoc did her immeasurable ambition create!—an ambition restrained by no considerations—limited by no laws, human or divine; which pursued its purpose through blood and carnage; which seemed to be ever craving, and never satiated; whose appetite increased with what it fed on! What shall we say to the methodical massacres committed at Ismael and at Warsaw! to the shocking oppression exercised upon Poland, and to the savage dismemberment of that insulted country! a dismemberment, whose authors seemed to have rivalled the Huns in cruelty, and to have disputed the pre-eminence of guilt with Attila himself. Perhaps there never was a sovereign who was more systematic in her ambition, more persevering in her projects, than the empress of Russia.

EXTRACT.

MEN whose heroic achievements have rendered their names dear to their country, have generally some peculiar and distinctive character to maintain. Thus the heroism of Bainbridge is not the heroism of Hull. Bainbridge seems formed to command; he carries the intrepidity of his heart in his face, and his presence seem to assert that claim to dignity and courage which he is so well known to possess. Hull, on ordinary occasions, discovers nothing of all this. All his higher qualities are veiled from view by that crimson cloud of modesty with which they are surrounded. In the hour of danger, in the season which tries men's souls, this cloud dissipates as by the touch of magic, and leaves the hero brilliant and luminous at last. The heroism of lieut. Burrows was of another sort. It was guarded by social and companionable qualities, such as render a man at once the delight and the ornament of a private circle. He was one of those cold humourists, whose countenance was capable of preserving a rigid and inflexible gravity, while the table was set in a roar by the ebullitions of his wit. This levity he was at such seasons capable of, reproving with apparent sternness, and even of chiding the company for breaking in so obstreperously on the thread of his narrative. The mock solemnity of this reproval added to the loud and vociferous hilarity, which he was to all appearance labouring to restrain.—

There is no kind of humour so electric, so contagious as this. It takes the heart by surprise, as we are not prepared to receive gravity and reproof from one who has been the occasion of all the mischief which he condemns. Whatever society lieut. Burrows frequented, he could, whenever he pleased, render them tributary to his amusement in this manner. This now was all an artificial character, which may be denominated the outworks of his heroism, and completely veiled from view the sterner qualities behind. These qualities were never put forward but when demanded by the emergency. To the eye of common observation he was the humourist merely—but this artificial character, which he had constructed for his amusement, was not to be approached and too rudely tampered with without hazard.—At such a time it disappeared altogether, and the party so offending found himself in the company of one whom he was irresistibly constrained to respect.

Variety.

HUMOROUS BURLESQUE.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Washington City, to his correspondent in Edenton, North-Carolina, dated January 12, 1814. It is a pretty true picture of the diseased state of the times in which we live; and, perhaps, may be read with advantage at some future period.

"I enclose you, for the use of our friends in Edenton, a package of BRAMBLE-BERRIES* being part of the cargo lately received by Mr. Madison as a present from lord Castlereagh; the effects of these BERRIES are most wonderful indeed, surpassing in their operation any patent medicine heretofore discovered. To the AGRICULTURIST and MECHANIC they have uniformly acted as mild tonics, giving strength and vigour to the whole system; while to the SPECULATOR and MONOPOLIZER in foreign necessities they have invariably proved a most deleterious poison, producing chills, heats, violent gripings, accompanied with profuse sweating and cholera, in which large quantities of sugar, coffee, tea, salt and pepper are discharged.

A Boston dealer in hardware who took a large dose of the BERRIES, was attacked with such a profuse sweating as to discharge needles and pins in large quantities, point foremost, through his skin; his neighbour, from mere sympathy, vomiting at the same time hand-saws, gimblets and mouse-traps by the dozen, without any alleviation to his symptoms. The dealers in woollens and crockery begin likewise to be affected. I have heard of one man discharging a whole bale of blankets, and two pieces of broadcloth; and another of a crate of crockery completely assorted. The disease seems to be spreading in most of our towns, as well north as south, but the symptoms are yet so various, that our physicians are unable to say what will be the form or name of the epidemic; some think it will eventuate in mania, while others, from the great debility produced by the discharges, think it will settle in melancholy, but for my part, I believe it will terminate in many cases in goal fever."

* The pacific propositions brought by the flag of peace Bramble.

DIED, some time since, At Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, (Eng.) Francis Bolton, pauper, of that place, aged 83, one of the most eccentric

characters, perhaps, ever known. He was born at Spoorforth, in Yorkshire, and was said, in his youthful days to be a remarkably handsome man, and the first person as a farmer's servant, who wore white stockings. His constant custom from his infancy, was to throw large quantities of cold water upon his head. The manner he performed this was very singular; in the most inclement weather he would go to some neighbouring pump and fill his hat with water, and having drank as much of it as he thought proper, he would put his hat on, and the contents would run down his body. His shirt when washed, he would put on wet: and for the last twenty years of his life refused to lay on a bed, as a substitute for which, he used wet straw, on which he used to lay quite naked, without any covering but the clothes he put on: and during the winter season has many times been found frozen to the ground. When able, he travelled the country as a beggar: and his constant address was, "please give any thing."

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE letter of marque schr. Whig, Capt. Clarke, of Baltimore, has arrived at this port in 49 days from Nantz, with a cargo of dry goods. Paris papers to the 6th of Dec. have been received, but they contain little or nothing of importance, only that Bonaparte was endeavouring to organize another large army on the Rhine, and that he was at Paris.

By the above arrival, news papers of the 20th and 24th of Nov. from the Hague, have been received, which contain the proclamation of the New Government of Holland, signed by Marsden and Van Hagen-dorf, announcing the Independence of that country, and that they are charged with the reins of government in the name of the Prince of Orange. Municipal nominations had been made in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Haarlem and the Hague, in the name of the Prince of Orange.

4,000 of the Allies had marched on Amersfort. 400 Cossacks were dispatched and had entered the city, as no French garrison was left at Amsterdam. The Orange flag flies triumphant in all the outposts of North Holland. The requisitions required by the French had been refused, and they were driven from several inland places where they had attempted to enforce them.

News to the 25th of November have been received at Baltimore, by the way of St. Barts, from London, which state, that Dresden, with 16,000 men, under St. Cyr, had surrendered to the Allies; that Lord Wellington, Nov. 10, assailed Soult, and after a day's struggle, forced him from the positions he had been three months strengthening—and the victors, on the 13th, threatened him with a similar overthrow in his second row of intrenchments before Bayonne. The British had 277 killed, and 1,777 wounded. The French lost 6,000, of whom 2,000 are prisoners. Gens. Couroux and Rey were killed. The Tower guns, &c. were fired on the receipt of this news; that the whole of East Finland has been evacuated by the French, and occupied by the Russians and Prussians.

The Crown Prince has had an interview with Gen. Walmoden, and is advancing on Holland with 100,000 men; and that Ad. Sir Alexander Cockrane, it is said is to succeed Amiral Warren. The command to be limited to the North American coast.

A letter from Falmouth, (Cape Cod,) dated Jan. 29, says, that on the 28th ult, the British brig of war Nimrod, came into that harbour and demanded two field pieces and a sloop to be given up; and in case of refusal, threatened to bombard the town; their demand being refused, the captain then gave notice that at 12 o'clock (noon) he should begin the bombardment. During the interim the flag frequently passed; the

militia were fast collecting; the town in the utmost confusion; the inhabitants removing the sick, the women, children, and furniture. About the time set the cannonading began and continued, with very little intermission till night, and several guns in the night, making in all about two hundred, from their thirty-two pounders, besides smaller ones.

This morning, at sunrise, she sailed westward, without effecting her object.

It is said that the British ship of the line Victorious, Capt. Talbot, was driven on a reef of rocks at the west end of Fishers Island, off New-London, in a snow storm, on Sunday the 30th ult.; but that she has been got off and has proceeded to Halifax.

A vessel, which had landed about \$20,000 worth of English goods, was seized at Scarborough by a deputy collector. The goods were on their way into the interior, but were overtaken by the collector, with an armed force, and made prize of.

The letter of marque schr. General Starks, of Salem, Dec. 29th, in lat. 27. 40. lon. 64. 50. fell in with and captured the British hermaphrodite brig Cossac, Dolbaratz, with a cargo of 233 hhds.—2 tierces—68 barrels, sugars; 16 cases Noyeau, from Martinico, bound to Bermuda.

Accounts from York Town, Virginia, state considerable alarm there among the inhabitants, on the appearance of two line of battle ships, one frigate, and two brigs, of the enemy, off York river.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. John Fort, aged 70, of Orange county, to Mrs. Inglis of this city, aged 61 years.

By the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. John Archer, jun. of New-York, to Miss Jane Lempereaux, of Mount Pleasant.

By the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. John B. Underhill, to Miss Hannah Bonnetta.

At Jamaica, (L. I.) David Gelston, Esq. Collector of the port of New-York, to Mrs. Mary Hazard, daughter of Col. Joseph Robinson, of the former place.

At Chenango, Broome county, New-York, on the 16th instant, deacon Ezekiel Crocker, aged 76, to the blooming Miss Marilla Cornish, aged 17.

At Yonkers, on Friday the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Lucas Toumain of this city, to Miss Pamela Farrington, of the former place.

May discord never rend the tie,

That sacred binds each kindred soul;

But "rich with love," as time shall fly,

So may their days of union roll.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mrs. Jane Clarke, consort of Mr. George Clarke, hair dresser, No. 25 Peck-Slip. Funeral to-morrow at half past 3 P. M.

Mrs. Maria, consort of Mr. William Minugh.

Miss Eleanor Jones, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Jones, aged 16 years.

After a few days severe illness, Mrs. Rhoda, consort of Mr. Moses Juda, merchant of this city.

Mr. Robert Parks, a native of Pennsylvania.

After a lingering sickness, Mr. Henry Spingler, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

After a short illness, Mrs. Susan Morgan, wife of Mr. John Morgan, aged 20 years.

At Kipp's Bay, Mr. Samuel Gelston, son of Mr. John Gelston.

At Stamford, on the 4th instant, Mrs. Mary Whitney, aged 91 years and 3 months, wife of Eliseiph Whitney, who will be 97 years of age the 14th day of Feb. next. They were married in the year 1734. The house in which they resided, Mr. Whitney built 60 years ago, and has lived in it ever since. Mr. Whitney and his wife have had 10 children; and under his roof grand children and great grand children have been born.—And what is more singular, this is the first death that ever occurred in his house. The number of his descendants now living, are 7 children, 47 grand children, 83 great grand children and 6 of the fourth generation.

Seat of the Muses.

EDWARD AND AMANDA.

(Concluded from No. 38.)

TOSS'D on the waves, that night for Edward's fate,
No vain alarms, Amanda, brake thy sleep;
Fierce rag'd the blast—on drove his shatter'd bark,
And more than midnight darkness veil'd the deep.

But now, to Nature's sovereign pow'r consign'd,
Thy anxious bosom gently sunk to rest;
Yet still of storms, and wrecks, and dire distress,
The fleeting images crowd on thy breast.

'Twas now, when all in sacred silence lay,
The tempest still, and slumber'd every breeze;
What time, as poets tell, in dubious night,
When elves descend to dance their airy maze,

More beauteous now than ere he seem'd before,
More graceful far, and rob'd in heavenly light,
Lovely, yet sad, appear'd thy Edward's form,
Then soft approach'd, and stood before thy sight.

And, smiling, sweet he spake, "Amanda, see,
(And fix'd on thine did beam his eye with love,)
Thine Edward see! permitted thus, he comes
To bless thee, dear Amanda, from above.

Think not unknown to me thy fervent pray'r,
While yet amid the waves I late was toss'd;
Oh! think it less that thou couldst pray for me,
And thy remembrance from my heart be lost.

No, dear Amanda, thou wast not forgot,
No, not of life when ev'ry hope was past;
With latest breath these lips profess'd my love,
And, 'farewell, dear Amanda!' was the last."

"And think not yet that love with life extinct,
O'ercome by death, in vanguard'd ruin lies;
More ardent still, and free from every pain,
Love lives beyond the grave and never dies.

Oh! not in grief then let thine heart repine,
For that in early fate thy Edward's laid;
His griefs, which ne'er thro' life had solace found,
Are now in endless peace and bliss repaid.

What joy on earth I thought had fill'd my heart,
Could I have made thy daily pleasures mine;
So once in Love's delusive dreams I hop'd
To taste that bliss, and mix my joys with thine.

But tho' on earth denied, tho' life forbade,
That sweet, that yet but transient bliss below;
O! be assur'd, those joys are sweeter still,
Such height'ned joys as angels only know.

For not by heavenly pow'r to these has been
With kindred souls communion sweet forbade;
And oft on earth, while deepest silence reigns,
These on congenial minds their influence shed.

O dear Amanda, though no longer seen,
Think not thy Edward quits thee as his care;
Thy guardian still, from heav'n he'll descend,
Henceforth to guide thy steps to meet him there."

Her middle course far now the night had pass'd,
The twilight op'ning spoke the approaching day;
The bright'ning east Aurora's sign displayed,
And fading stars forbade his longer stay.

"Adieu! adieu!"—Thus said, with loveliest look,
Back on Amanda cast his parting eyes;
Then swift in momentary space he fled,
And mix'd with kindred spirits in the skies.

"O! yet awhile!—just then Amanda cried,
(Such solace sweet did now his presence seem;)
"O Edward! yet"—but quick the vision fled—
Amanda woke—and lo! it was a dream.

TO-MORROW,

OR—IT MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE SO.

WITH what caution to-morrow conceals its affairs,
Whether big with good fortune or no;
Man is lur'd by the butterfly aspect it wears,
While it may, or it may not, be so.

Were its secrets unfolded, how soon should we pine;
But its secrets we never must know;
For Fancy's fair paintings are hope's richest mine,
While it may, or it may not be so.

Will the poor tar leave his home, and brave, hopeless
of gain,
Seas and tempests, both pregnant with woe!
He will not—but he will, if a prospect remain
That it may, or it may not, be so.

The coy little miss would be free from restraint,
Were she sure she unmarried must go,
Who can flatter, sigh, ogle, coquette or paint,
While it may, or it may not be so.

The maiden of forty with bugles would shine,
Could she hawk some young fopling or beau;
But her dimples, turn'd wrinkles, compel her to pine,
While it may, or it may not, be so.

As long as to-morrow keeps one day ahead,
'Till Greenland's a stranger to snow,
Fair prospects will hang on as brittle a thread
As may, or it may not be so.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

SUPREME, enchanting pow'r! from whose blest
source,

The human mind receives its purest joy;
'Tis thine to check oppression's baleful course,
And smile indignant on ambition's toys.

Thy calm and open eye, alike disdains
The tyrant's threat, and the smooth flatterer's arts;
The wealthy sycophant in gilded chains,
And the fair mask, that hides the recreant heart.

O Nymph ador'd! still let my bosom share
Thy conscious joys, thy extacies divine!
Let tinsel glories deck the brow of care;
Content and independence shall be mine.

So shall I shun the base and little crowd;
Pitying the servile slaves; unpitied by the proud.

Morality.

ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IT has long been a question, which of the
two sexes are most capable of friendship?—
Montaigne, who is much celebrated for his
knowledge of human nature, has given it posi-
tively against woman; and his opinion has
been generally embraced. Friendship, per-
haps, in woman, is more rare than among men;
but, at the same time, it must be allowed that
where it is found, it is more tender. Men, in
general, have more of the parade than the
graces of friendship. They often wound while
they serve, and their warmest sentiments are
not very enlightened with respect to those
minute sentiments which are of so much value.
But women have a refined sensibility which
makes them see every thing; nothing escapes
them. They divine the silent friendship;
they encourage the timid or bashful friend-
ship; and they offer their sweetest consolations
to friendship in distress. Furnished with
finer instruments, they treat more delicately a
wounded heart. They compose it to prevent
it from feeling its agonies. They know, above
all, how to give value to a thousand things
which have no value in themselves. We
ought, therefore, perhaps, to desire the
friendship of a man upon great occasions;
but for general happiness we must prefer the
friendship of a woman.

With regard to female intimacies, it may
be taken for granted, that there is no young
woman who has not, or wishes not to have a
companion of her own sex to whom she may
unbosom herself upon every occasion. That
there are few women capable of friendship
with women, few impartial observers will deny.
There have been many evident proofs of it;
and those carried as far as seemed compa-
tible with the imperfections of our common
nature. It is, however, questioned by some,

while others believe, it happens but seldom
between married and unmarried women: it no
doubt happens very often, whether it does be-
tween those who are single, is not so cer-
tain. Young men appear more frequently sus-
ceptible of a generous and steady friendship
for each other than females, as yet, unconnect-
ed; especially if the latter have, or are sup-
posed to have, pretensions to beauty, not ad-
justed by the public. In the frame and condi-
tion of females, however compared with those
of the other sex, there are some circum-
stances which may help towards an apology
for this unfavourable feature in their character.

The state of matrimony is necessary to the
support, order, and comfort of society. But it
is a state that subjects the woman to a great
variety of solicitude and pain. Nothing could
carry them through it with any tolerable satis-
faction or spirit, but very strong and almost
unconquerable attachments. To produce these,
it is not fit they should be particularly sensi-
ble to the attentions and regards of men; upon
the same ground, does it not seem agreeable
to the purposes of Providence that the secur-
ing of this attention and these regards, should
be a principal aim. But can such an aim be
pursued without frequent competition; and
will not that too readily occasion jealousy, en-
vy, and all the unamiable effects of rivalry?
Without the restraints of superior worth and
sentiment, it certainly will. But can these be
ordinarily expected, from the prevailing turn
of female education, or from the little pains
that women (as well as other human beings)
commonly take to controul themselves and to
act nobly. In this last respect, the sexes ap-
pear to be much on the same footing.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes.

A corporal of the life-guards of Frederick
the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but
at the same time, was a brave fellow, wore a
watch-chain, to which he affixed a musket-
bullet, instead of a watch, which he was un-
able to buy. The King being inclined one day
to rally him, said, "apropos, corporal, you
must have been very frugal to buy a watch;
it is six o'clock by mine: tell me what it is
by yours?" The soldier, who guessed the
King's intention, instantly drew the bullet
from his fob, and said, "Sire, my watch nei-
ther marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells
me every moment that it is my duty to die
for your Majesty." "Here, my friend," said
the King, quite affected, "take this watch that
you may tell the time of day also." And gave
him his watch, which was adorned with
brilliants."

The following rhymes was sometimes quot-
ed by Dean Swift: "A pigeon, a plover, a pig,
and a lover, should never be cold."

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